

*The contention of the two famous Houses.*

Come Madame, let vs haste to Killingworth,  
Come on Lord Say, go thou along with vs,  
For feare the Rebelle Cade do finde thee out.

Say. My innocence my Lord shall pleade for me,  
And therefore with your highnesse leaue, Ile stay behind.

King. Euen as thou wilt my Lord Say:  
Come Madam, let vs go.

*Exit omnes*

*Enter the Sord Skayles vpon the Tower  
walles walking.*

L. Skayles. How now, is Iacke Cade slaine?

1. Cit. No my Lord, nor likely to be slaine,  
For they haue wonne the bridge,  
Killing all those that withstand them.

The Lord Mayor craueth aide of your honor from the Tower,  
To defend the City from the Rebels.

Lord Ska. Such aide as I can spare, you shall command,  
But I am troubled heere with them my selfe,  
The Rebels haue attempted to win the Tower,  
But get you to Smithfield and gather head,  
And thither will I send you Mathew Goffe:  
Fight for your King, your Countrey, and your liues,  
And so farewell, for I must hence againe.

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter Iacke Cade, and the rest, and strikes his sword vpon  
London stone.*

Cade. Now is Mortemer Lord of this City,  
And now sitting vpon London stone, We command,  
That the first yeare of our reigne,  
The pissing Cundit run nothing but red wine.  
And now henceforward, it shall bee treason  
For any that calles me any otherwise then  
Lord Mortemer.

*Enter a souldier.*

Soul. Iacke Cade, Iacke Cade.

Cade. Zounds, knocke him downe.

Dicke. My Lord,

*They kill him*

*There's*

*Yorke and Lancaster.*

There's an Army gathered together into S  
Cade. Come then, let's go fight with t  
But first go on and set London-bridge a  
And if you can, burne downe the Tower  
Come let's away.

*Alarmes, and then Mathew Goffe is sl  
with him. Then enter Iacke  
gaine and his compan*

Cade. So firs, now go and pull downe  
Others to the Innes of Court, downe wi

Dicke. I haue a sute vnto your Lordsh

Cade. Be it a Lordship Dicke, and th  
For that word.

Dicke. That we may go burne all the  
And that all writing may be put downe  
And nothing vsed but the score and Ta

Cade. Dicke it shall be so, and hence  
be in common,

And in Cheapside shall my palphrey go  
Why ist not a miserable thing, that o  
Lambe parchment should be made, & t  
ouer with inke, a man should vndo him

Some saies tis the bees that sting, b  
I am sure I neuer seal'd to any thing bu  
mine owne man since.

Nick. But when shall we take vp the  
Which you told vs of.

Cade. Marry he that will lustily stam  
commodities following: Item, a gown  
a smocke.

*Enter Geor*

Geor. My Lord, a prize, a prize, here  
Which sold the Townes in France.

Cade. Come hither thou Say, thou  
Lord, What answer canst thou make  
deliuering vp the Townes in France to  
the Dolphin of France?

G 2